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THE

VETERAN OF 1812;

OR,

KESIAH AND THE SCOUT.

A Romantic Military Drama, in Five Acts.

By T. TRASK WOODWARD,

Author of "The Social Glass."

TOGETHER WITH

A Description of the Costumes—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.

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No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts	7	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1	3	3
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts	7	3
93.	Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act	3	2
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act	3	2
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act	3	3
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1	3	1
166.	Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act	2	3
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts	9	3
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act	7	3
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts	7	5
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts	11	6
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act	3	1
179.	Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts	5	2
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1	4	8
24.	Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act	2	2
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts	5	3
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act	4	1
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts	10	5
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts	12	5
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act	4	3
65.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts	6	5
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts	8	7
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act	3	1
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act	2	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act	1	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act	3	1
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
113.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts	10	4
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), comedietta, 1 act	4	2
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts	8	4
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act	4	2
22.	David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts	8	3
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act,	4	3
16.	Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts	6	5
58.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts	7	6
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act	5	1
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts	5	3
142.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts	9	4
21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts	6	3
186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts	6	4
47.	Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act	5	2
130.	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act	2	1
103.	Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act	4	1
128.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts	11	4
101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts	11	10
99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts	10	2
145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act	4	1
102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts	9	3
88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act	4	2
74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act	7	4
53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act	5	3
131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act	4	3
28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act	1	1
151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act	2	
8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts	10	3
180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	3	5
19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act	3	2
60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts	5	5
187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act	4	1
174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts	4	3
64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act	1	1
190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act	4	1
191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act	4	2
197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts	14	2
18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1 act	4	3
116.	I'm Not Mesilf at All, original Irish stew, 1 act	3	2
129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act	2	3
159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act	4	2
122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts	11	4
177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts	9	2
139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts	3	3
17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts	6	4
86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts	12	5
72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act	4	2

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CHARACTERS.

COLONEL WARREN, the Veteran of 1812.
BILL JONES, the scout.
JIM HAINES, a drunken villain.
SHERIFF SLASON, Haines' associate in crime.
OLD ZIBE, PETE, } darkey servants of Col. Warren.
CAPTAIN HARDY, U. S. A.
CHARLES MORRISON, a sergeant.
JAKE WHITAKER, a Yankee engineer, lawyer, etc.
CORPORAL MANSON, a soldier.
JUDGE WENTWORTH.
CLERK OF COURT.
KESIAH WETHERBY, a Yankee maiden, housekeeper for Col. Warren.
MARY MORRISON, the sergeant's wife.
Soldiers, Sheriff's posse, Darkeys, Police, Officers, etc.

TABLEAU CHARACTERS.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY.	GODDESS OF JUSTICE.
GODDESS OF HOPE.	GODDESS OF MERCY.
TWO ANGELS.	EIGHT SOLDIERS.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR AND A HALF.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—Plantation scene, landscape background showing negro quarters, set in 3d groove. Set front of cottage, with porch and practicable door, from R. 1 E. to R. 3 E. Tableau, "LIBERTY IN MOURNING," representing the Goddess of Liberty kneeling at altar, draped in mourning, on pedestal, set in rear of 3d groove to show at close of scene.

SCENE II.—Landscape representing dense woods in 1st groove.

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

ACT II.—SCENE.—A nicely-furnished parlor in 4th groove. Tableau, "THE BATTLE-CALL OF FREEDOM," representing Liberty, Justice, Mercy and Hope, on pedestal, blowing trumpets, set in rear of 4th groove.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—Same as Scene III. Act I. Tableau or Transformation Scene in rear of 3d groove, representing two angels in cloud background holding crown of flowers, as if to crown the Patriot. Liberty at altar, as in Act I, Scene I.

SCENE II.—Same as Scene II, Act I, adding practicable set tree to shove on, R. 1 E., at change.

SCENE III.—Army officers' quarters; plain room in 3d groove. Tableau, "MERCY'S PLEA," representing Mercy with little child kneeling to Justice, on pedestal, in rear of 3d groove.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—Nicely-furnished parlor, same as Act II.

SCENE II.—Landscape or country road, in 1st groove.

SCENE III.—Landscape, a cleared field, in 4th groove.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—Same as Scene II, Act IV.

SCENE II.—Court-room, in 3d groove, with Judge's desk, and table for counsel, R. Prisoners dock, L.; chairs for all. Final grand tableau, "LIBERTY REJOICING," representing Liberty, Justice. Mercy and Hope, with wreaths of flowers, crowning unarmed soldiers, on pedestal, in rear of 3d groove.

COSTUMES.

BILL JONES.—Acts I and III, hunting suit, black felt hat. Act III.—as FLINEY—long ulster, full red beard and wig; under ulster dress to suit taste.

JIM HAINES.—Seedy black tight-fitting coat, buttoned to throat, standing collar, red necktie, seedy "plug" hat, dark black crop wig, red nose.

CAPTAIN HARDY, MORRISON, MANSON, SOLDIERS GUARDS, etc.—U. S. A. regulation uniform. All other costumes modern and according to taste.

TABLEAU CHARACTERS.—LIBERTY, JUSTICE, HOPE, MERCY and ANGELS. Usual allegorical costumes.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Pack of cards; two navy revolvers; two shotguns; Bible for Uncle Zibe; umbrella for Kesiah; rifle, revolver, and hunting knife for Bill Jones; revolver for Slason; muskets for posse; American flag; pick and shovel for darkeys; cane for Colonel Warren; five muskets for Jones' darkeys; eight muskets, with fixed bayonets, for soldiers in tableaux; red lights for tableaux.

ACT II.—Bills to represent $50 for Whitaker; purse and watch for Manson; four trumpets for Goddess of Liberty and others, in tableaux; eight muskets, with fixed bayonets, for stack; red lights for tableaux.

ACT III.—Pair of navy revolvers and two shotguns for Colonel Warren; rope and handkerchief to bind and blindfold Kesiah; tin trunk containing will, etc.; crown of flowers for angels in tableaux; eight muskets, with fixed bayonets, for soldiers in tableaux; red and green fires for tableaux; pistol for Pete; five muskets for Jones' darkeys; writing materials for Captain Hardy.

ACT IV.—Letter for Mary Morrison, and revolver under table cover; paper representing petition for Whitaker; flask and pistol for Haines; tin trunk and umbrella for Kesiah; plain pine coffin for execution scene; bandage for soldier; muskets for firing party; paper to represent pardon, for Whitaker.

ACT V.—Flask and pistol, as before, for Haines; law and record books for Court; writing materials and tables in court room; watch and warrant for officer; gavel for clerk; pencil for "Fliney"; satchel, with two folded documents representing wills, also other papers, and jewelry, for Whitaker; written paper to represent "confession," in Whitaker's pocket; flowers, wreaths, stacks of arms, etc., for tableaux.

THE VETERAN OF 1812.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Col. Warren's *plantation in Western Virginia. Landscape background, with negro quarters set in* 2. *On right of stage from* R. 1 E. *to* R. 3 E., *represent side of house, with porch and practicable door to enter.* R. 1 E. *and* R. 4 E. *must be practicable. Small box* L. C. *for darkeys to play cards on; rustic seat at back; with large Bible; near door of house, front,* R., *a table with drawer; in drawer two navy revolvers; large arm-chair between table and house; just inside of house two guns, loaded. Four darkeys playing cards on box, a number of small darkeys around them looking on.* Old Zibe *seated on rustic seat reading Bible. Raise curtain to lively music. When curtain is up, open with a plantation melody or jubilee song, sung by* Pete. *All the darkeys join, leaving their card-playing. After song the darkeys resume card-playing, and the dialogue commences.*

Old Zibe. Now all you ornery niggers tinks you knows a heap, but you is de wust set ob ignoramuses I eber seed, you is. Aunt Kesiah aint no 'lation to ole Cunnel Warren. Long time ago, when de ole missus went up Norf, she fotched Kesiah back wid her, to obersee de housekeepin' an' take car' ob eberyting; an' eberybody like her, so dat's why dey call her aunt.

Pete. Den dat yere's de whyfore dat she's our aunt?

Zibe. Dat am de fac'. An' now all ole Mars'r Warren's folks am done dead, an' old Mars'r Warren like Aunt Kesiah such a heap dat he's gwine to gib all de property to her when he dies. An all dis yere plantation, an' all you niggers'll belong to her when de ole mars'r is done gone dead.

Pete. But, gran'fadder, what's all dis yere rumpus 'bout de Linkum Yankee folks? Mars'r Jim Haines tole me dat dem Linkum Yankee folks was cumin' down yere to tote all we uns up Norf to shobel snow, an' dey is gwine ter kill all de ole niggers an' all de mars'rs an' missuses. Umph, golly!

Zibe. Yah, yah, yah! Did dat old red-nose Haines tole yer dat? Yah, yah! Hi! yah, yah!

Pete. What's done got amiss wid yer, gran'fadder? is yer done gone crazy?

Zibe. Now look yere. Don't all you darkeys know dat dis yere ole nigger an' ole Mars'r Warren was borned de same year, an' dat we was raised togedder, an' dat I'se allers been his body sarvint? Now jes lis'en to dis ole darkey. All you niggers cum yere. (*all the darkeys come down to* Zibe, C.) Don't you darkeys b'lieve what dat yere ole red-nose Jim Haines tole yer; kase I heerd mars'r an' Aunt Kesiah say dat ole red-nose Jim Haines was a traitor to de flag dat's on de roof ob de house. (*pointing up*) Now, niggers, dar's gwine to be a war!

OMNES. Umph! Oh!

ZIBE. Yes, dar's gwine to be drefful times! I heerd de ole mars'r an' Aunt Kesiah tell all 'bout it. De Linkum folks want to set all de darkeys free, an' de Souf get mad 'bout it, an' dey tar down de flag, an' dey blow Fort Sumter all to pieces!

OMNES. Umph! Oh!

ZIBE. An' Mars'r Warren say dat de Souf'll get a mity big lickin' an' dat de Souf'll be done gone ruined.

OMNES. Umph! Oh!

PETE. But whar's de darkeys gwine when dey is free? (*darkeys except* PETE *retire up stage and resume cards.*)

ZIBE. De Lord knows; but he will take care ob us. Dem dat's got bad mars'rs'll hab a day ob jubilee; but we uns will neber see de ole mars'rs like ag'in. But it's a drefful ting, war is! I was wid de old mars'r down to de battle ob New Orleans, an' I used to see Gineral Jackson ebery day.—But look dar! (*pointing off* R. 1 E.) Dar comes Aunt Kesiah wid her bumberilla.

PETE. I spec' she'd carry dat yere bumberilla if she was gwine to a corn-shuckin'.

Enter KESIAH, R. 1 E., *umbrella raised. Darkeys playing cards.*

KESIAH (*in Yankee dialect*). Have the field hands gone tew work, Zibe?

ZIBE. Yes, missus.

KES. Yew must look well to yer master's interests, now, Zibe, for he can't get another overseer as long as he has the stars and stripes h'isted on the ruff of the house. I hope he'll come home to-night. (*observes darkeys playing cards*) Sakes alive! what on airth be yew darkeys dewing? Sakes alive! playing keards? (*shuts umbrella*) How often have I told yew about the wickedness of keards. (*poking them with umbrella*) Clear off, yew lazy, good for nothin' niggers; clear off. (*drives them off behind house,* R. 4 E. PETE *steals the cards and puts them in his pocket,* KESIAH *returns and looks for them*) Where on airth have them keards gone to?

PETE. I reckon dem good for nothing niggers tote 'em off wid 'em.

KES. No they didn't; yew've got them, Pete.

PETE. I 'clar, Aunt Kesiah, I dunno nuffin 'bout um.

KES. I know better. Jest yew turn your pockets out; turn 'em out quick! (PETE *turns out one pocket after another,* KESIAH *poking him with umbrella; finally the cards are found in pistol-pocket*) Oh, what an abominable lie. Pete, yew are the worst nigger I ever did see.

PETE. I 'clar to gorry, I neber did see de like! Dem am wicked keards, sartin. Dey crawled right inter my pocket!

KES. Sakes alive! Yew tarnal critters, for ten years I've been trying to teach yew, and bring yew into light; still yew prefer darkness.

PETE. I 'spec' dat ar's kase we uns was borned dat color. Yah, yah!

ZIBE (*looking* L. 1 E.). Look! dar's Mars'r Bill Jones coming. (KESIAH *places cards on box,* PETE *steals them again.*)

[*Exit* ZIBE *and* PETE *through door into house,* R.

Enter JONES, *in hunting suit, rifle in hand, revolver and bowie-knife in belt.*

JONES. Good morning, Kesiah. Has Kernal Warren kem home? (*he uses Western Virginia dialect.*)

KES. No, *Mister Jones*, and we don't expect him till night.

JONES. *Mr. Jones!* Kesiah, what's the use putting on frills and talking that way to me, when some day we are to be Bill Jones and wife?

KES. Sakes alive! did I ever tell yew that I'd be yer wife? What do I care for yew? (*coquettishly.*)

JONES. Thar's no use puttin' on any more French, Kesiah. Yer a right smart sort o' gal, and I'll be dog-goned if I don't lick the chap that dares to say yer haint. But I kem yere to see if you and the Kernal war all right, kase I'm gwine away.

KES. (*anxiously*). Going away? Not to be gone a great while I hope?

JONES (*aside*). Dern my picter! she's kinder anxious. (*aloud, sarcastically*) Why, what dew yew care for me?

KES. Now, Bill Jones, yew'd better stop yer galivantin, or I'll get mad, and yew must tell me where yer going, for these are troublesome times. (HAINES *appears listening at* L. U. E.)

JONES. Well, Kesiah, since the battle of Bull Run the secessionists have been burning out the Unionists, plundering them, forcing them into the Confederate army, or hanging them. Now, thar's the stars and stripes on the ruff of Kernal Warren's house, and they may come yere; but I reckon not, for any true Southerner would be ashamed to harm one of Gen. Jackson's old officers. So I'll go on a scout, and find out who are true to the flag, and who are traitors. I'll be back soon.

KES. Dew, for I fear that Jim Haines more than any one else. He pretends friendship where he really hates.

JONES. Jim Haines? Why he's the meanest skunk in all these yere parts, and the biggest coward. (HAINES *shaking clenched hand*) If he comes yere to harm you or the Kernal, he'll find Bill Jones on his trail, and he'll be mity sorry that he "chipped in," if he riles me. But I must be off. Good day! [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

KES. Jest like Bill Jones; comes when least expected, and leaves about the time yew want him to remain. (*turns* R.) Well, he's a kind, good soul, and perhaps some day I'll allow him to carry my umberilla for the remainder of his life. [*Exit into house.*

HAINES (*coming down* L. C.). Oh, ho! Bill Jones is after the Yankee girl;—this accounts for his Union principles. And he expects Kesiah to get the Warren plantation, and he wants to join the Jones estate to it. Ah, ha! Mr. Jones I have a plan that may spoil your little game. So "Jim Haines is the meanest skunk and the biggest coward in all these parts!" Bill Jones, you illiterate puppy, I'll get even with you for that. I left a colonel's commission for you at your house, but now I'll get you hung as a traitor to the Confederate cause. Good! James Haines, keep your head away from all danger, and do a little plotting, and you will win.

Enter KESIAH *from house, followed by* ZIBE. ZIBE *goes to rustic seat, takes Bible to read; seated.*

Good day, Kesiah. I was about to enter the house on a matter of business and friendship.

KES. (*aside*). *Friendship!* I wonder what knavery he's up to now? (*to him*) Kernal Warren is away, so you will have to postpone yer *friendship* till some other time.

HAINES. Ah, well then, I can inform you just as well. As a friend I called to advise you to pull down that United States flag that is waving so defiantly on the roof of this house. Our people are so exasperated

at what they deem an insult, they may do some violent act. Ahem! may mob the colonel.

KES. What, pull deown the flag of his country, which he helped to defend at New Orleans? Pull deown the stars and stripes for fear of bein' mobbed?

HAINES. I--I merely advise as a friend.

KES. If yew were a friend to Kernal Warren, and to the stars and stripes, yew'd come here armed to help defend it.

HAINES. But, Miss Kesiah, I am a non-combatant, a mediator. (*looking* L.) But here comes Sheriff Slason with a posse, so you had better haul it down.

Enter SLASON *and five others from* L. 1 *and* 2 E. SLASON *goes to* ZIBE, *who rises.*

SLAS. I say, old darkey, go and pull that rag from the staff, top of the house, and bring it here!

KES. I'd have yew to know that there ain't no rag on the top of the house. That is the flag of the Union, and long may it wave, in spite of sich tarnation rebbils as yew are.

SLAS. Oh! shut up, you Yankee screech-owl!

KES. (*beats him with umbrella*). Yew mean, insignificant hang-dog of a traitor, take that, and that! (*music, tremolo.* HAINES *attempts to interfere; she beats* HAINES *around stage.* SLASON *and men laughing.*)

HAINES. Stop! stop! my dear Kesiah—Miss Wetherby, will you stop?

KES. No, I won't stop; yew've got my dander riz, and yew'd better clear out, the hull pack of ye. Sakes alive! The first man that attempts to pull deown that flag, I'll break every bone in his body.

SLAS. (*to men*). Two of you take that she-devil and lock her up in the house. (*music repeated. They attempt to capture her; she fights them with umbrella, but is finally overpowered and taken in.*)

SLAS. (*to* ZIBE). Now, you black scorpion, go and pull down that flag!

ZIBE. Mars'r Slason, ole Mars'r Warren fought under dat yar flag, down to New Orleans. I was wid him, an' he tole me neber to run, an' neber to lower dem yar colors.

SLAS. (*striking* ZIBE'S *face with open hand*). Curse you! if you don't obey me, I'll blow you into eternity.

ZIBE. Mars'r Slason, dem yar stars an' stripes am de flag ob my country, and de flag ob Mars'r Warren's country. I'se been his sarvint eber since I'se borned, an' he nebber struck me, nebber! He tole me nebber to pull down dat flag, an' so help me de Lor', I nebber will!

SLAS. (*aiming revolver*). Then die! (*fires,* ZIBE *falls* C., *at back*) Now for that rag! Follow, men! (*enters house followed by men.* HAINES, *frightened, tremblingly follows.*)

As soon as they are off, enter from rear of house. R. 4 E., PETE *and other darkeys; they go each side of* ZIBE.

PETE. Dey hab killed poor old gran'fadder Zibe. Hand me de good book from de seat. (*one passes Bible from rustic seat,* PETE *takes it*) Dis yere, darkeys, is de Bible he loved so well. 'Twas dat yere Slason dat shot him. Now all lay yer right han's on dis yere book. (PETE *holding book over* ZIBE, *they all lay their right hands on book*) Now we all

sw'ar to hab revenge on Slason de fus' chance we get. (*all bow*) Darkeys, lock at de good ole man; he nebber more watch de ole plantation, nebber read dis yere good book to us. De poor ole slave is free.

DARKEYS *kneel each side of* ZIBE, *whose feet should be toward* AUDIENCE. *Music,* "The Poor Old Slave has gone to Rest," *until change. Lights down. The scene in* 4 *opens and shows tableau,* LIBERTY IN MOURNING. *An altar draped with mourning,* LIBERTY *kneeling, also in mourning, should be mounted on pedestal. In rear of altar and higher, eight soldiers at funeral rest. Throw red lights on picture from both sides. When fires begin to burn low, closed in by*

SCENE II.—*In* 1*st groove. A landscape or dense wood.*

Enter at change, R. 1 E., SLASON *and posse and two* DARKEYS *with pick and shovel. One of* SLASON'S *men has the flag.*

SLAS. You darkeys take that flag and bury it under that tree. (*points off* L. 1 E. *They take the flag and exit* L. 1 E.) Boys, where's Haines? (*looking off* R.) Oh, here he comes!

Enter HAINES, R. 1 E.

Haines, don't you intend to take a hand in any of these affairs?

HAINES. Why, friend Slason, I am an agent in my legal capacity for the Confederate States; I am supposed to be a non-combatant. I must be careful and not come out too boldly, because I should lose too much valuable information.

SLAS. Nonsense. Haines; the fact is you are a contemptible coward. You an agent for the Confederate States! Who obtained for you your appointment? A few of us to whom you are heavily indebted, you pettifogging limb of the law. (*men all laugh.*)

HAINES. Why, friend Slason, I—I am astonished to hear you talk so; why, I have practiced at the bar for twenty years.

SLAS. Yes, at the whiskey bar, as your firebrand of a nose clearly indicates, but in the courts of law, you never won a single case of any account, but always managed to fleece your clients, and then lost the money at the gaming table, or spent it for bad whiskey. (*men laugh again.*)

HAINES. Friend Slason, you—your remarks are rather cutting. I should resent them as insults, if they were uttered by any one but you. But friends must not quarrel, you know.

SLAS. Don't talk so much about *friendship.* As soon as old Warren gets home, we must visit him again, and if he doesn't retract and throw up his Union principles and assist the cause by liberal contributions, he must be taken to prison, and his property confiscated. If he resists, we'll kill him.

HAINES. That's right. I'll levy on the property, and sell it under the hammer.

SLAS. Yes; and if we have any trouble with the old dotard, you must take a hand in the fight. Now, boys, to the Court-house.

[*Exit all,* L. 1 E.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene* 1*st, except that the rustic seat and box have been removed.* COLONEL WARREN *discovered seated in arm-chair.* HAINES *in chair at left of table, both facing* AUDIENCE.

HAINES. I called, Col. Warren, to ascertain your sentiments regarding

secession. I am appointed an agent, in my legal capacity, for the Confederate States. A war with the North is now inevitable. "Sumter" has fallen, and the battle of Bull-Run has been fought.

Col. Warren. Yes! a war is inevitable. (*both rising and coming down*) But who begun this fratricidal war? Who trampled that dear old flag in the dust? Who has insulted that emblem of freedom; the banner raised by the patriots of "'76"? Who, but the Judases of the South—the secessionists.

Haines. Why, Colonel, you quite astonish me; you, a large owner of slaves, and talk thus? Why, I had always looked at the matter in the light that we must protect our property.

Col. W. Protect fiddlesticks! You know better, and you knew before you came here just what my sentiments were. You knew that the blood of one of Marion's men flows in my veins, and that I fought under Jackson at New Orleans. You knew that my slaves were a burden to me, and that the great question with me was how the South could be freed from this curse, for slavery is a curse to any nation, whatever form it may assume. And now you ask my opinion of secession!

Haines. My dear sir, I beg ten thousand pardons; I merely called to have a social chat. I—I do not like to have you get excited.

Col. W. Haines, I have always tried to live an honest life. When a boy, my father taught me my duty to God and my country, and to despise hypocrisy and treason. Soon I expect to go to that better land where Washington and his followers have gone, among them, my father. Were I to become a traitor to that flag which he helped to raise and defend, think you that *he* and my old commander, General Jackson, would be on the opposite shore of that dark river to welcome me? No! it would be Benedict Arnold with that hand outstretched, that the nobility of England, the very purchasers of his soul, would not grasp.

Haines. Oh, my dear Colonel, you are drawing it too—too strong—too severe. Why, if I remain listening to you much longer, I may be tempted to take up arms for the flag, although I am a non-combatant.

Col. W. Jim Haines, you are the worst hypocrite I ever knew. You think, as I am seventy-five years of age, and my physical system somewhat impaired, that I have not enough mental vigor remaining to enable me to see through your knavery and cunning. You come here with smooth tongue and pretended friendship to gather what information you can, and then betray me.

Haines. Oh, no, my dear Colonel; I merely come to caution you that your present course may be unwise—your property may be confiscated. The people are becoming so exasperated, that they may harm you. Ahem, may—may *hang* you.

Col. W. Hang me? Ha! ha! ha! They would cheat me of but little life at that. Hang me? Jim Haines, the gallows has been robbed of its just dues too long by your shrewdness and cunning. But a fearful retribution awaits you. You it was that induced the mob to come here, in my absence, and tear the stars and stripes from the flagstaff on my house, and to murder my good old servant Zibe, who was my faithful servant from my boyhood, and with me in every danger during the last war with Great Britain. You hypocritical non-combatant knave, friend in word, but foe in deed. (*raises his cane.*)

Haines. Now—now, Colonel, (*backing* L.) you—you quite mistake me.

Col. W. Jim Haines, the South is "sowing the wind;" it will "reap the whirlwind." Grass will grow in the streets of her finest cities, brother will bear arms against brother, and slavery, the very thing they wish to protect and extend, will become its scourge. And

when the South shall have become subjugated, a generation will pass away before this beautiful land will again become prosperous, and the names of the leaders of this hellish rebellion will go down to posterity with the damning stigma of *traitor* indelibly stamped thereon. Now, sir, leave my premises; this is no place for a traitor to God and his country. Off with you! (*drives him off*, L., *with cane*. COLONEL *goes to arm-chair, when seated,* HAINES *sneaks in on tip-toe, trembling.*)

HAINES. Yes, I'll go; but I just wanted to say that Sheriff Slason and his men are in the grove, and—(COLONEL *has risen, and with raised cane advances.* HAINES *gets to* L. 1 E.)

COL. W. Clear out! (HAINES *dodges out, but re-enters as soon as* COLONEL *goes toward table.*)

HAINES. Aha! I pity you. (*bus. repeated*) I think they will hang you. (*bus. repeated, and* COLONEL *goes to seat.* HAINES *exits.*)

COL. W. Slason and his men in the grove, and no one here but Kesiah! I will see to my pistols. Old as I am I can yet strike a blow for the old flag. (*takes pistols from table drawer.*)

Enter KESIAH, *from house.*

KES. Sakes alive! what on airth kept that wolf in sheep's clothing here so long? And I could see him join the mob in the grove when he went away. It is the same mob that locked me up, and killed poor Zibe.

COL. W. Bring both of my guns, quick! (KESIAH *goes into house*) With these two revolvers and my guns, I can yet do my country some service.

Re-enter KESIAH, *from house, with two guns and umbrella.*

KES. Here are the guns, jest as Bill Jones left them, loaded. (KESIAH *sets guns near* COLONEL.)

Enter, L. 1 *and* 2 E., SLASON *and five others.* HAINES *skulking in the rear.* COLONEL *levels pistols.*

COL. W. Halt! stir not another step! What is your business? (SLASON *seizes* HAINES, *and pushes him to front*, C. HAINES *trembling violently.*)

HAINES. I—I—I have orders from the Confederate a—a—authorities to—to take you to prison. I shall take charge of you myself; so, my dear Colonel, be quiet, and go peaceably. (KESIAH *advances toward him with umbrella at charge.* HAINES *attempts to get to rear of* MEN, SLASON *pushes him to front and* L. C. *again. The* MEN *are ranged up and down stage,* L., SLASON *toward foot-lights.*)

KES. Now yew jest keep right back, yew mean skunk; yew stir another inch, yew imp of Satan, and I'll bagonet yew with my umbrella.

HAINES. Come, men, take this tiger-cat away, and down with the old man. (MEN *come to "charge bayonet."* KESIAH *the same with umbrella.* COLONEL *levelling both pistols.*)

Enter, suddenly, R. 1 E., BILL JONES,—*rifle at aim.*

JONES. Hold, cowards, fall back! (SLASON *and* MEN *fall back and come to "carry arms;" after which* JONES *brings rifle down from shoulder.* KESIAH *falls back*, R., COLONEL *sits in arm-chair, still re-*

taining pistols in handy position. JONES R. C., HAINES *attempts to skulk to rear,* SLASON *throws him to* L. C., *facing* JONES. *This business should be executed very rapidly*) Jim Haines, whar's the use of murderin' old men, and insulting women? I'll be dog-goned if I haint a right smart notion of tearin' you inter mop-rags!

HAINES. I was merely doing my—my duty. I act under orders in my official capacity, *Colonel Jones.*

JONES. *Bill Jones,* if you please, Jim Haines.

HAINES. Why, you are a Colonel in the Confederate army. I left your commission at your house, yesterday. (*bus. between* HAINES *and* SLASON *repeated.*)

JONES. Confederate wild cats! Now, Jim Haines, and all of ye, if yer ever harm that thar old man, or lay yer hands on that thar piece of kalliker, I'll be dog-goned if I don't whip yer to death with a blacksnake; for that thar piece of Yankee dry goods is some day to be Mrs. Bill Jones.

KES. Not much I haint, if yew accept a rebbil commission!

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah! Now, men, thar's that thar old veteran of the war of 1812, and over seventy-five years old, and yer want to arrest him; more! yer want to *hang* him. Look at the old gray-headed patriot who fought under Jackson. S'pose he wuz yer father; what would yer think of a pack of bloodhoun's who would ta'r the flag from the ruff of his house, and murder one of his good old servants? And what would yer think of the dog-goned sneak that would set the houn's to the work he hadn't the courage to do himself? Don't yer feel ashamed to call yerselves Southerners? If yer feel half as sheepish as yer look, I pity yer. (MEN *excited*—JONES *quickly brings rifle to "ready"*) Oh, yer needn't go to riling up! It's Bill Jones talking ter yer. (MEN *cool down and resume previous positions.* JONES *brings down rifle, and pulls paper from pocket of hunting shirt*) Haines, what did yer mean by leaving this yere rebbil Kernal's kermission to my house? Speak!

HAINES (*rising*). Why, I supposed you would accept it; for there is wealth and honor in it

JONES (*opens commission, takes chew of tobacco from mouth, places it inside of commission, then folds it and places the document in* HAINES' *hand*) Thar! return that thar dockyment to Jeff Davis & Co., and tell them that Bill Jones encloses an old soger fer to make a kernal of. Now git! all of ye, or I'll be dog-goned if I don't decorate the trees yere abouts with the derndest looking set of villains that ever went unhung.

SLAS. Bill Jones, we came here to arrest that old traitor. We have listened to your insults because Haines informed us that you were a Confederate Colonel. Now we will do our duty, and if you interfere, you must take the consequences. Forward, men! (*music tremolo.* SLASON *pushes* HAINES *to* C., KESIAH *"pokes" him in stomach with umbrella; he falls,* KESIAH *raises umbrella to strike.* MEN *at "charge."* JONES *covers* SLASON *with rifle.* COLONEL *levels pistols across table.*)

Five DARKEYS *enter suddenly,* R. U. E., *with guns at charge. Picture. Execute this picture quickly.*

JONES. Them's Jones' darkeys!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Parlor in 4th groove.* CHARLES MORRISON'S *house, Nelsonville, Mass.* MARY MORRISON *seated. When curtain is up,* MARY *rises, comes down* C.

Enter CHARLES MORRISON, L. 1 E.

CHARLES. Well, Mary, this morning's news is bad. A battle has been fought at "Ball's Bluff," with sad disaster to our arms, and fearful loss of life.

MARY. This is sad and discouraging, but the North are too slow. They should throw more enthusiasm and patriotism into the fearful task before them; display more energy, and place more men in the field.

CHARLES. Bravo! Mary, you have the right spirit for a soldier's wife, and I know that you will not object to my re-enlisting, if I did have to take to my heels at the battle of "Bull-Run."

MARY. No, Charles, I will not object, although it fills my heart with sadness to think that our country is in need of such sacrifices, and to think that you must be exposed to such suffering and danger. Yet we must submit willingly, if we expect such sacrifices from others.

CHARLES. Then, Mary, dear wife, I will inform you that I have again enlisted, and as we depart in the next train for Boston I must be ready. Mary, I wish you to understand the condition of our finances. The mortgage on this house is now but two hundred dollars. Mr. Washburn will not request payment of either interest or principal, until my return. I will remit my pay to you as fast as possible.

MARY. I do not fear poverty.

CHARLES. And never did, or you would not have married me in violation of your rich father's commands.

MARY. Dear father! Although he forgave me before he died, and blessed me with his dying words, yet I suppose he deemed it best to give his property to others.

CHARLES. That is uncertain. Mr. Waterbury, to-day, informed me that your father left a *will*, that it was executed by the late Judge Hanlon, and that Mr. Haley, who was killed in a railroad accident, and himself, were the witnesses. The contents of the *will* were not to be divulged until five years after your father's decease. Your father's brother, James Haines, of Western Virginia, was appointed executor.

MARY. Uncle James! I remember him well. You are aware that my mother was a Northern woman, whom my father married just after he graduated from Harvard. He then took her to his home in Western Virginia, where I was born.

CHARLES. Yes; and when you were sixteen years of age your family returned here for your mother's health. I remember well your Uncle James; I formed a very unfavorable opinion of him; although I may have been deceived.

MARY. I think you were not deceived; for my mother feared him, and cautioned me never to confide in him. If he administers my father's property, I fear that it will not reach the parties my father intended it to. However, if your life be spared through the coming struggle, I shall be abundantly blessed.

CHARLES. Do not fear for me, Mary; I know the danger, and to be truthful, fear it. But I consider my duty to my country and to humanity, and pray Heaven to give me strength to meet it bravely.

MARY. My dear husband, Heaven *will* give you strength and courage;

and will give our arms the victory. The cause of freedom will not be lost.

CHARLES. Now, Mary, I will go to the nursery to give the children one farewell kiss, and then I am ready for duty. [*Exit*, R. 2 E.

MARY (*solus*). So soon to part, and perhaps forever. Heaven protect my noble husband!

Enter JAKE WHITAKER, L. 1 E. *Walks lame.*

JAKE. Well, now, I guess I didn't oughter come right in without knocking; but I got up steam pretty quick, arter I heard that *Charley Morrison* was going to war ag'in. Hope you'll excuse me this time.

Re-enter CHARLES, R. 2 E.

MARY. No apology is necessary, Mr. Whitaker.

CHARLES. Welcome to our house at any and all times. (JAKE, C., CHARLES, L. C., MARY, R. C.)

JAKE. Well, now, that's clever. Dern it—excuse me, I didn't mean ter swear. I went down to the 'cruiting office to 'list, but they said they didn't take cripples or fools. Dern it! There I am ag'in. Excuse me, I don't mean to swear, but if I had jest had that chap that said it, out doors I'd er knocked the hull top of his der—there I go ag'in. Well, I didn't swear that time, anyhow. But they say I can't go for a soger 'cause my right knee is stiff. But, Charley, I wan't you to take this fifty dollar bill, so that you won't be short of change. (*handing bill.*)

CHARLES. No, no, Jake, it would not be right for me to accept so large a sum from you.

MARY. What, a sound, healthy man take fifty dollars from a hard-working cripple?

JAKE. Cripple! Dern it!—There I am again, slopping over all the time; but I can't help swearing when I think about everybody's chewing my stiff leg all the time. Plague on the red varmint that sent that arrow inter my knee-pan; but I riz his hair, and left his bones to bleach on the *Sarah Nevadas.*

MARY. I beg ten thousand pardons; but I did not think it right to take your hard earnings.

JAKE. Now see here; you call me a hard worker; so I am, cause it's my natur; I've got coin enough to live without working, but taint my natur. I made twenty thousand dollars out o' my patent chair invention, and I speckilated in mining stocks and made my pile in Californy; but I don't make a fule o' myself, and dress dandyfied, and part my hair in the middle, 'cause taint my natur. Now, I'm plum-chuck full of patriotism, and if I don't dew something towards licking them tarnation seceshers I'll bust. So, Charley, jest take this fifty dollars, and when you see some poor soger in trouble, help him, and when this is gone send to me for more.

CHARLES. To use as a charity fund among my comrades I will accept it. (*takes money.*)

JAKE. Hurrah! I've done something for liberty! Now, Charley, when you get inter a fight jest shoot once for me, and take mighty good aim. Now, Molly—I call yer Molly 'cause you put me in mind of a gal I used to go a courtin' out in Californy, but she had a tussle with the fever an' ager up on the old Yuba, and old ager shook her inter kingdom glory, and so I lost her—now, Molly, if ever yer in trouble, let me know it and I'll be yer friend. (*takes* MARY'S *hand*) Charley, God bless you. (*takes* CHARLES' *hand*, MARY *turns* R., CHARLES L.; JAKE'S *head bowed. All momentarily affected.*)

Enter, L. 1 E., JAMES MANSON.

MANSON. Charles, I have just enlisted, and am in haste to send my parting message to my wife, and you will excuse me if I have intruded.

CHARLES. It is all right, my boy; I am glad to have you for a comrade. (JAKE *crosses* L. C. *to* MANSON, CHARLES *and* MARY *retire up stage to seats, by-play between them.*)

JAKE. James Manson, I'll take yer parting message to yer wife, and I'll dew it jest as gentle as "Mary had a little lamb." Speakin' o' Mary always reminds me o' my Molly that's gone to kingdom—Well, that wont interest you now, so I'll switch off o' that track.

MANS. Here are my purse and watch, which I wish you to give my wife, with my farewell. I have not time, for the train will soon be due. (*hands watch and purse;* JAKE *takes watch and places in pocket, holds purse in hand.*)

JAKE. Now, Jim Manson, jest you whistle down brakes and shet yer throttle.—How much money is there in this purse?

MANS. Forty in bills, and ten in gold.

JAKE. Jest you put your purse in your pocket, and I'll give yer wife fifty dollars. (*forcing the purse into* MANSON'S *hands.*)

MANS. What, *you*, a railroad engineer, give away fifty dollars?

JAKE. Shet off yer steam! I drive a locomotive, 'cause it's my natur to be 'round machinery, not 'cause I'm obliged to work, but then, that's my affair. Now I want ter jest tell yer that I'm goin' to do all I can for the sogers and their families. If I can't go for a soger, I'll help them that do go. Good bye, Jim, and when yer get inter the fight, jest shoot fifty dollars' worth for me, and don't shoot till yer draw a good bead on the enemy. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

MANS. (*turning to* CHARLES *and* MARY, *who come down*). Why, Jake Whitaker has actually forced me to receive fifty dollars.

CHARLES. He did the same by me; he is the best friend to soldiers in Nelsonville. I am informed that he is quite wealthy. He is educated and was admitted to the bar, while in California, although his eccentric manners and queer dialect would indicate illiteracy. (*sound of distant drum and fife*) But hark! I hear the drum. Captain Hardy will soon be here to pay you his respects, and then, Mary, a long farewell. (*they embrace*, C. MANSON *faces* L., *head bowed. Music continues to approach door in flat.*)

CAPT. HARDY (*without*). Halt! (*music ceases.*)

Enter CAPT. HARDY, *door in flat.* CHARLES *and* MANSON *salute*, CAPT. HARDY *returns salute, and then raises cap to* MARY, *steps forward and takes her hand.*

CAPT. H. Mrs. Morrison, it seems sad that so many happy homes should be made sorrowful by the demands of an unnatural war: but we hope that the sundering of family ties, and the parting from those we love will be but temporary, and that this war may prove to be to our country a blessing in disguise.

MARY. Captain Hardy, if this war exterminates slavery, it will prove a blessing. And I rejoice to see our brave young men respond so promptly to freedom's call. You fight for a glorious cause--the cause of humanity; you fight to maintain that freedom for which Washington and the patriots of the Revolution fought, and that flag under which our independence was gained—the flag to which Jackson and the heroes of 1812 added new lustre by their brilliant victories. Under the stars and

stripes a mighty empire has risen, governed, not by a tyrannical despot, but by a free and enlightened people. Upon her banner there is but one stain—the curse of slavery; that curse, assuming the hideous form of treason, has struck a blow at our free institutions, and trailed our beautiful banner in the dust. You fight to defend those free institutions and that glorious banner. Bravely may you perform your duty, and may this bloody conflict speedily end, and the stars and stripes float in triumph over the entire Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadas to the Rio Grande. Go bravely forth to meet the enemies of your country, and may the loyal men of the entire country respond as promptly to the battle-call of freedom.

Music, patriotic, until end of act. CAPT. HARDY *and* MANSON *to* L., CHARLES *and* MARY *to* R. *Scene in* 4 *is drawn off, and exhibits tableau,* THE BATTLE-CALL OF FREEDOM. *The* GODDESSES OF LIBERTY, JUSTICE, MERCY *and* HOPE, *with trumpets at their mouths as though blowing call. They should be on high pedestal. In front, on stage, a stack of arms,* C. SOLDIERS *in position of "take arms." Lights down. Red light on tableau, from* R. *and* L. *When lights begin to burn low, ring down*

CURTAIN. (*lights up.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Scene* 3*d, Act* 1*st.* COLONEL WARREN *seated in arm-chair between house and table,* KESIAH *in chair* L. *of table, both facing* AUDIENCE. BILL JONES, R. C., *resting hands on rifle. Have a practicable set tree at* R. 1 E., *to slide on at change.*

JONES. Thar's the way I'll fix it, Kernal: I'll take a guard of my colored boys, and take you and Kesiah to the Union lines. If yer remain yere, Slason and his gang are sure ter harm yer.

COL. W. Jones, you have always been true to manly principles, and I consider your judgment good. I shall therefore act on it. As there is so much danger surrounding us, it will be better for me to inform you of matters concerning the disposition of my property, after my decease. With the exception of this plantation, my wealth consists of Northern securities. All my valuable papers and my *will* are in my tin trunk in my room. My sister, now dead, married a Northern man who died shortly after his wife's decease. They left but one child—a boy. The last I heard from him he was living in Nelsonville, Mass.

KES. (*excited*). In Nelsonville?

COL. W. Yes! and his name is *Charles Morrison.*

KES. Charley Morrison? Sakes alive! why, I knew him well; he married Thomas Haines' darter Mary, ag'in her father's will, jest before I come South; her father was a Southerner.

JONES. Yes, Tom Haines was a brother of this Jim Haines.

COL. W. But Thomas Haines was a wealthy and refined gentleman, very unlike Jim Haines. Now, to continue my business, my will gives to Charles Morrison one-half of my entire estate, the remaining half to go to Kesiah Wetherbee.

KES. Sakes alive! I—I——

COL. W. No words! It is my will! and Jones, here, is my executor.

JONES. Kernal, you do me much honor; I will be faithful to my trust; but we had better make hasty preparations for moving. My horse is at the back gate. I will muster the boys and hurry back; for it's too pesky hot and risky times for you to be left alone.

[*Exit*, R. U. E., *behind house.*

COL. W. Kesiah, get my guns so that they may be at hand if Slason and his gang come here. (*exit* KESIAH *into house.* COLONEL *examines pistols.*

KESIAH *re-enters with guns, and leans them against house.*

Enter PETE, L. 2 E., *running.*

PETE. Whar's Mars'r Jones?

KES. He's jest gone by the back gate. Why, Pete?

PETE. Kase dat yer Slason an' Jim Haines, an' all dem cut-froats are coming up froo de ole lane!

COL. W. Through the old lane?

KES. Run, Pete, and try to overtake Mr. Jones; run for your life, Pete! (*exit* PETE, *running behind house*) Plague take them tarnal rebbils; they've stole all our stock, and we haint a horse to get away with.

COL. W. Run, Kesiah, follow Pete; you can do no good here.

KES. What! Kesiah Wetherbee run and leave an old man when his life is in danger? not much I won't! Sakes alive! there ain't no running stock in me. You've been a father ter me, and I'll stay and defend you. (*takes gun.*)

Enter SLASON *and five others*, L. 1 *and* 2 E. COL. W. *levels both pistols*, KESIAH *levels gun.* SLASON *and* MEN *halt at* L. HAINES *appears*, R. 1 E., *so as to be in rear of* COL. W. *and* KESIAH. *Levels pistol at* COL. W.

SLAS. Come, old man, there is no use of fooling! Bill Jones and his niggers can no longer protect you, so you may as well surrender at once.

COL. W. To whom, and by what authority?

SLAS. To Sheriff Slason, acting under orders from the Confederate Government.

COL. W. I do not acknowledge such a power, and will *never* surrender?

SLAS. Forward, men! (*music, chord, then tremolo.* SLASON *levels and fires pistol*, MEN *attempt to advance*, COL. W. *fires both pistols*, KESIAH *discharges gun*, HAINES *fires pistol at* COL. W., *two of* SLASON'S *men fall to stage*, HAINES *seizes* KESIAH'S *arms from behind. All this should be executed simultaneously and quickly.* COL. W. *falls into arm-chair, head and arm resting on table.*)

SLAS. Two of you seize that she-wolf, bind her, and take her to the woods. (MEN *seize* KESIAH, *bind and blindfold her, and lead her off* L. 1 E., *she struggling and screaming. As soon as they seize her*, HAINES *sneaks into house.*)

SLAS. (*to remaining man*). Come with me and we will search for the old man's valuables. [*Exit, with man, into house.*

Enter HAINES, *cautiously, from behind house, a tin trunk in his hand. Music, piano. He comes down* C.

HAINES. Ha! I have secured the prize—old Warren's bonds, his will and securities. [*Exit.* L. 1 E.

COL. W. (*rising and staggering to* C.). Ha! the British advance! Stand firm, boys! stand firm! (*delirious, falls* C. *in front of* 1*st groove, head up stage.*)

Re-enter SLASON *and* MAN *from house.*

SLAS. Curse the luck! Old Warren must have buried his treasures, or else Haines has taken them, and has gone to secrete them. (*going to* COL. W.) I wonder if the old fool is dead. Yes, I reckon he has got his final dose. (*looking at the two fallen men*) But we lose two for one. Come, we will drag our boys to the barn, and to-night we will see that their friends bury them. (MAN *drags off one,* SLASON *the other,* L. 2 E. *Music changes to slow, soft, plaintive.*)

Enter JONES *and five* DARKEYS, *all armed, from behind house. Music stops.*

JONES. They have done thar work this time, and murdered the Kernal! Whar can Kesiah be! Two of you search the house for her; they may have murdered her too. (*two of the* DARKEYS *exit into house.* JONES *kneels at the* COLONEL'S *head, which he raises*) Speak, Kernal, if you can; it's Jones and his colored boys, come to help you. (COL. W. *groans*) Ah, there is life in the old patriot yet, he seems to revive.

COL. W. (*reviving,* JONES *assisting him to sitting posture*). Jones, you here? This is Slason's work. But, thank Heaven, I die for my country. (*pause*) Hark! I hear my old commander's voice, and the angels call, come! (*dies.*)

Music repeated. JONES. *still kneeling, bows his head.* DARKEYS *at* R. *kneel. Lights down. Scene in* 4 *opens and shows* TRANSFORMATION. *Gorgeous clouds for background; two angels in clouds holding in outstretched hands, as though to crown the patriot, a crown of flowers. Below angels,* LIBERTY, *kneeling at the altar, draped in mourning. Four* SOLDIERS R., *and four* SOLDIERS L., *at funeral rest. Burn red and green fires,* R. *and* L. *Close in by Wood Scene in* 1*st groove, and shove in set tree at* R. 1 E. *Lights up.*

SCENE II.

At change, enter HAINES, L. 1 E., *with tin trunk.*

HAINES (*solus*). Where to secrete my prize. I must put it in some place beyond detection. Slason may suspect me of having it. I must throw him off the track and prepare for my journey north. Once through the Union lines, I will administer on my brother's property, and appropriate that to my own use; then I'll sell these Warren securities and become a millionaire. Ha! ha! ha!

During the foregoing, PETE *enters,* L. 1 E. HAINES *is facing* R., PETE *comes behind him with pistol drawn.*

So now to—(PETE *seizes trunk, levels pistol.* HAINES *lets go of trunk*) Hold! hold! Don't shoot! don't shoot! Oh, Lord! oh, dear! (*trembling violently and shuffling off stage,* R. 1 E.)

PETE. Yah, yah, yah! Ole red-nose Haines was nearly skeered to

deff—yah, yah, yah! Dis yere box 'longs to Mars'r Warren, and I reckon I'll take keer ob it. Mars'r Bill Jones tole me to scout 'roun' froo de bushes, and try to find Kesiah an' de tin trunk, kase dey is both stoled away. Hark! dar's somebody in de bushes; if it's dat ar Slason, I'll cook his possum, sho'! I'll jes' hide in de bushes.

[*Exit, cautiously,* R. 1 E.

Enter SLASON *and three* MEN, *with* KESIAH *bound and blindfolded,* L. 1 E.

SLAS. Tie that Yankee screech-owl to that tree. (*pointing to tree.* R. *They obey, tying her hands, which are bound behind her, to the trunk of the tree*) We'll sit down here and take a rest and a drink, and then if that she-devil won't tell us where old Warren's gold is, we'll hang her. (*they sit,* L. C., *laying their guns on stage,* C., *while they draw flasks from pockets and drink, partially facing* L.)

PETE *enters,* R. 1 E., *appears to whisper to* KESIAH, *loosens her bonds, pulls bandage from her eyes, hands her his pistol and the tin trunk, seizes one of their guns and levels it at them;* KESIAH *levels pistol.*

I wonder where Haines is? I believe that he found something valuable, and means to defraud us: however, we will compel this woman to— (*turns and sees* PETE *and* KESIAH) The devil!

KES. Don't yew stir, if yew dew I shoot, so throw up yer hands. (*they throw up hands.*)

PETE. Yes, sar; we's de boss yere, an' we got de boss tools.

Enter JONES *with five* DARKEYS, *armed as before,* L. 1 E., *file in, in rear of* SLASON *and* MEN, *quickly.* KESIAH *and* PETE *recover arms.*

JONES. Wall! I'll be dog-goned if yere ain't a picter for a comic almanick! We kem out yere to rescue Kesiah, but this yere looks as though she was boss of the situation. Slason, you remain where you are. Pete, you guard him. (PETE *goes to* L. *of* SLASON, *first taking his pistol from* KESIAH) Boys, take their guns and march them three cutthroats off to that biggest tree. (*pointing off* L.)

KES. Yes, and I'll be officer of the guard.

JONES. Why did yer bring that trunk to the woods, Kesiah?

PETE. Dat ar's Mars'r Warren's trunk; I captur'd it from old red-nose Haines.

KES. Yes, and rescued me. I allers said I'd make a man of Pete. (*to* MEN) Git up there, yew thieves! yew murderers! (*they rise,* KESIAH *takes a revolver from one of their belts—levels*) Now, single file, for'ard march! (*one* DARKEY *goes ahead of them,* KESIAH *in rear; they file off,* L. 1 E.; *the other* DARKEYS *taking the guns, follow.* JONES *comes down* C. *to* R *of* SLASON.)

JONES. Slason, git up! (SLASON *rises,* JONES *takes* SLASON'S *pistol from his belt*) Thar ain't no punishment big enough ter wipe out yer crimes. If I hang yer, yer dog-goned neck ain't worth one ha'r that grow'd on that old patriot's head that you have murdered to-day. Yer ain't fit to live, and yer ain't prepar'd to die, and I don't want the responsibility of takin' in yer checks.

SLAS. I didn't shoot Colonel Warren; it was Haines.

JONES. You was in command of the party, and every one uv yer are guilty.

PETE. Mars'r Jones, Slason kill'd ole gran'fadder Zibe, kase he wouldn't pull down de flag, an' all we uns tooked a Bible oath dat we would hab revenge de fus' chance we git. Now, Mars'r Jones, gib him his pistol, an' tu'n him loose; I'll fight him—ole Zibe was my own 'lation.

SLAS. Bill Jones, you won't let a nigger kill a white man, will you?

PETE. Mars'r Jones, I'll fight him eben; jes' gib him his pistol. I'se a darkey, but I isn't skeerd o' him. He struck ole Zibe, an' den he shoot him. Ole Mars'r Warren nebber struck one ob us darkeys, nebber! De Lord bress him.

SLAS. Jones, do not humiliate me in this manner. Do not put me on an equality with a nigger!

JONES I won't, for it 'ud be an insult to the entire colored race. When yer talk 'bout 'quality, yer euchered by the meanest nigger that ever breathed. Slason, yer the meanest coward I ever knew, 'cept Jim Haines. Now I'm human and will give yer a chance for yer miserable life. You are a good shot, thar the chances are in your favor, while Pete has in his favor Heaven's justice. I've got no control over Pete. If I turn yer loose and he kills yer, it's Heaven's work, not mine. Pete-'ll remain yere while I count five. Thar's yer pistol—go! (*hands* SLASON *his pistol; he exits*, R. 1 E., *running.* JONES *counts*) One, two, three, four, five—go! (PETE *running off*, R. 1 E., *after* SLASON) May Heaven defend the right. [*Exit* JONES, L. 1 E.

When JONES *is off, music, tremolo. Re-enter* SLASON, R. 1 E., *running across stage to* L. C.—*stops.*

SLAS. Ha! I have doubled on him—ha, ha, ha! But where to go?

Re-enter PETE, R. 1 E., *fires rapidly;* SLASON *fires once, reels and falls near* L. 1 E., PETE *over him.*

PETE. Now, gran'fadder Zibe, de man wot killed you is done gone dead. He'll nebber mo' t'ar down de flag, nebber mo' hang de white folks, nebber mo' kill ole darkeys. His mars'r, (*pointing down*) de debbil, has kotched him now. But I reckon I better drag him inter de bush: den we uns'll come bury him. Oh, golly! won't de darkeys laff. (*catches him by the heels and drags him off*, L. 1 E. *During the foregoing the next Scene should be set, and characters to positions.*)

SCENE III.—*An old room, in 4th grooves. A table near* R. 3 E., *chair* R. *of table, in which is seated* CAPT. HARDY; *two chairs* L. *of table. A soldier on guard at* R. 2 E., *also one on guard at* L. 2 E.; CAPT. HARDY *writing. At change, guards march up and down stage or rest at ease, optional with manager.* MANSON *comes to* L. 1 E., *guard at* L. *comes to* CAPT. HARDY, *salutes, and says:*

LEFT G. Corporal Manson desires admission.

CAPT. H. Admit him. (*guard and* MANSON *salute each other*, MANSON *goes to* C., *opposite* CAPT. H., *and salutes; salute returned*) Well, Manson, what news?

MANS. A man calling himself Bill Jones, a Western Virginia Unionist, and a Miss Kesiah Wetherby, formerly a resident of our native town,

Nelsonville, desire to see you. They have with them five darkeys, well armed, who are guarding some prisoners that they have captured.

CAPT. H. This is good news. Jones is favorably known at headquarters; Miss Wetherby I well remember. Tell the lieutenant of the guard to confine the prisoners, and to take good care of Jones' darkeys. Bring Jones and Miss Wetherby to me. (MANSON *salutes and exits*, L. 1 E. *To guard at* R.) See that the prisoner, Morrison, has his blankets aired, and give him every luxury and comfort the camp affords.

[*Guard salutes, and exit*, L. U. E.

When guard is off, enter MANSON, *followed by* JONES *and* KESIAH, L. 1 E. JONES *dressed and equipped as before*, KESIAH *with tin trunk and umbrella.* CAPT. HARDY *rises, comes down* R. C., JONES, C., KESIAH *and* MANSON, L. C. *Civilities of society first.*

I am happy to see this lady and you within our lines. Mr. Jones. Miss Wetherby, I have had the pleasure of meeting in Nelsonville, Massachusetts, some years since. My name is Hardy—William Hardy, madam.

KES. Sakes alive! yew don't say so. Well, I declare! yew ain't the Billy Hardy that old Squire Hanlon—Judge Hanlon—brought up?

CAPT. H. The same, Miss Wetherby.

KES. Sakes alive! how yew've grow'd. And yer a Captain! who'd ha' thought it?

CAPT. H. Be seated, madam. (*handing chair from* L. *of table.* MANSON *hands the other to* JONES *; they both sit.* CAPT. H. *takes chair from* R. *of table, and sits* R.) Mr. Jones, you are favorably known among us. What can we do for you?

JONES. Wall, hoss!—I mean Cap.—I am right glad to be yere; I come with some of my colored boys to escort that thar piece of Yankee dry goods, and to bring in three of the dog-gonedest rascals that ever breathed: they are house-burners and murderers. Now my business is up in this line, and if my darkeys and myself can be of any service to the country, we're at your disposal. My colored boys have had a good raising, and they are *men*, kase they've been treated like men. I never struck one of them a blow, and they are as good shots, every one of them, as stands in ole Virginny.

CAPT. H. I will send you to headquarters, for I think that you and your colored boys will be wanted as scouts.

JONES. Wall, hoss—I mean Cap.—that thar'll be playing right inter my hand, for I know every foot of sile in ole Virginny. I'm an out and out Virginny Unionist, and I don't go back on't for the boss Reb himself!

KES. Yes! (*rising and flourishing umbrella*) and I will back him for every dollar I'm worth.

JONES (*rising and taking hold of her arm*). Hold yer hosses, Kesiah! (*they both sit.*)

KES. Captain, I heard since I cum to camp that Charles Morrison, of our town, was to be shot. Sakes alive! what are yew going to shoot him for? I know him and have got news from his uncle for him.

CAPT. H. Yes, Charles Morrison is condemned to be shot, on the 18th of this month, for sleeping at his post while on duty. I have done everything in my power for him at headquarters, but our commanding General is determined to make an example of him. I am sorry, for he is one of the bravest and best soldiers in our corps.

KES. Sakes alive! I'd jest like ter see poor Charley, but I know jest how we'd both feel: and as I haint no sentimentalist, I don't believe in cryin' when the kittle biles over. So if yew can pass me North, by way

of Washington, I'll see if a brave soger is to be shot, jest for example. (*rising and flourishing her umbrella.* JONES *repeats bus.*)

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah!

CAPT. H. (*drawing chair to table*). I will send you to headquarters, and I assure you that you shall start for Washington within an hour; and may Heaven speed you, and help you. (*writes hurriedly.*)

JONES. Wall, hoss—I mean Cap.—that thar's what I call bizness, and thank yer; for this yere piece of kalliker is to be Mrs. Bill Jones when this war ends; provided, howsomever, that the Rebs don't take my pelt.

KES. Yew'd better dry up, Bill Jones! Sakes alive! yew needn't tell everybody on't.

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah! (CAPT. H. *folds letter, places it in envelope, hands it to* MANSON.)

CAPT. H. Take this letter to headquarters, and escort Mr. Jones and Miss Wetherby there. (*rising and taking* KESIAH'S *hand*) God speed you. (*taking* JONES' *hand*) Call at my quarters often, while in camp.

JONES. I will, hoss!—I mean Cap. (MANSON *salutes and exits,* L. 1 E., *followed by* JONES *and* KESIAH. *When they are off*)

CAPT. H. (*calling off,* L. U. E.). Bring in the prisoner! (CAPT. H. *comes down* R. C. *Music, very soft and plaintive.*)

Enter guard. L. U. E., *with* MORRISON; *they come down* L. C. *Guard takes his first position at* R. 1 E. *Music stops.*

Morrison, I am sorry to inform you that everything has been done for you in my power, at headquarters, but with no result in your favor.

CHARLES. Then Heaven help my wife and little ones. (*weeping.*)

CAPT. H. On the 18th day of this month, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I am commanded to inform you, you are to suffer the extreme penalty of military law, for sleeping while on duty. I have the power of detail, and shall not select your company comrades for the firing party.

CHARLES. Thank you, thank you, Captain Hardy, for your thoughtfulness. Heaven bless you, and give me strength to meet this fearful death bravely.

CAPT. H. You will be permitted to pass your time in this room. Use anything at my writing table freely. Your comrades will be permitted to visit you whenever you desire, and all the favors shall be granted you that lie within my power, consistent with my duty. Good bye, Charles. (*taking his hand*) And may Heaven bless you and intervene to save you. (*music repeated. Exit* CAPT. H., *slowly;* CHARLES *to table, sits weeping. Music stops.*)

LEFT G. (*to* CHARLES). Corporal Manson wishes to see you.

CHARLES. Admit him. (*music repeated.* CHARLES *rises, comes down* C.)

Enter MANSON, L. 1 E., *approaches* CHARLES *slowly; both struggle to suppress emotion – embrace. Music stops.*

MANS. Charles, this is cruel. You have been a brave and loyal soldier; you were exposed to inclement weather and long marches; overpowered by fatigue, you slept; and now you are condemned to die a disgraceful death. Does this assist in conquering our enemies?

CHARLES. Manson, every soldier knows the penalty for sleeping on post. I knew it, but could not resist; and I honestly believe that I was drugged by some enemy to our cause. Manson, you remember that

dark-visaged man who was admitted through our lines and who eat of our rations, the same night that I was overpowered?

MANS. Yes, yes; he had an evil, hang-dog look. I remarked it on that occasion.

CHARLES. That man's face haunts me, sleeping or waking. Where have I seen that face? (*spoken slowly and impressively.*)

MANS. Why did you not refer to this at the trial?

CHARLES. Military law acknowledges no excuse. My punishment is undoubtedly requisite for the good of the service; but, Manson, you may be spared, through all future peril, to return in safety to your family. When you meet Mary, tell her that my last thoughts were of her and our children, and my earnest prayer that we may all meet in heaven, and be re-united in eternal peace and happiness. Yes, *there* may we all meet again. (*they embrace and clasp hands, both exhibiting deep emotion.*)

MANS. Farewell, Charles; may *mercy* plead with *justice*, and your life yet be spared.

Music, soft and plaintive. Exit MANSON, *slowly.* CHARLES, C., *drops to one knee, elbow on knee, head on hand, as though weeping. Guards rest on arms, muzzle to stage, hands on breech, head bowed on hands. Lights down. Scene in* 4 *is drawn off. Tableau,* MERCY'S PLEA. JUSTICE, R., MERCY, *with little child, kneeling as though pleading to* JUSTICE. *On higher pedestal, at aim, eight soldiers as though aiming at* CHARLES. *Red fire from both sides.*

SLOW DROP. (*lights up.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MORRISON'S *parlor, set in* 4 *as in Act* 2*d. Curtain rises to low, plaintive music, discovering* MARY MORRISON *sitting in easy chair, letter in hand, and weeping. Must have a revolver concealed under table-cloth, on table, near* R. 2 E.

MARY (*solus*). Oh! this is sad, sad news. Oh! my heart will break! (*pause*) My dear husband condemned to die! Oh! Heaven, it cannot, cannot be.

Enter JIM HAINES, L. 1 E. MARY *rises, comes down* R. C.; HAINES, *at* L. C.

Why, sir, do you intrude upon my privacy? Why do you enter my presence unbidden? Have you come to taunt me in my sorrow? If so, beware! Even an unprotected woman may defend herself from insult.

HAINES. I—I see that you are down-hearted this morning. I hoped to find you cheerful, and ready to pay off the mortgage on this property. You know that the mortgage fell into my possession shortly after my arrival from the South, and I want my money!

MARY. *Uncle Haines!*

HAINES. Oh, yes, it's all very well to say "*Uncle* Haines." But remember your father disowned and disinherited you for marrying a

Northern mechanic, and disgracing one of the first families of Virginia. So you are no relation of mine.

MARY. Very well, *James Haines!* if you wish. I entreat, and beg of you to defer this matter until some more befitting occasion; I have received sad, sad, painful news this morning. (*facing* R., *and weeping*) Oh! my heart will break!

HAINES. Well, I must have my money. Your father was supposed to be rich, but his debts were numerous, and I have paid them. There is nothing left. I also paid Mr. Washburne two thousand dollars for the mortgage on this house, the day before his death, and now I want my money.

MARY (*facing* HAINES *indignantly*). James Haines, I know both of your assertions to be false. My father never contracted debts, and the mortgage on this property was but *two hundred* dollars, when my husband departed for the war.

HAINES. Well, the mortgage will speak for itself. I've heard the news, too, and your husband will never trouble the Haines family again. The much extolled anti-slavery army are going to shoot him for dereliction of duty, then wrap him in the American flag and bury him. Ahem! Oh, well, it will save the Confederates the trouble of killing him.

MARY. Charles Morrison loves his country, his wife and his children too much ever to disgrace them intentionally. Circumstances entirely beyond his control have placed him in this perilous position. James Haines, leave this house, and never enter it again while I occupy it!

HAINES. Oh, yes, I'll go; but I'll turn you out within twenty-four hours or have my money. (*stepping toward her; she recedes to table*) And keep your saucy tongue quiet, or I may harm you.

MARY (*seizing pistol and advancing*). Begone, wretch; delay one moment, and there shall be one traitor less to the stars and stripes! (HAINES, *trembling, backs toward* L. 1 E.)

HAINES. Oh! oh! Don't shoot, don't shoot!

Enter JAKE WHITAKER, *hits him on back, he falls to* C. MARY *sinks to easy chair, weeping.* JAKE, L. C.

JAKE. Yew degenerate son of the South, I've been listening tew yer talk, and if yew ever darken these doors ag'in, I'll twist that whiskey-blossomed nose clean off yer villainous face. As for that mortgage, if yew have got one, yew stole it, and I'll make yew prove property.

HAINES (*slowly rising*). I will prosecute you for assault, and for defamation of character.

JAKE. Yew be derned! (*to* MARY) Excuse me for swearing. Jim Haines, I've got yer record; the meanest specimen of humanity that ever disgraced the earth. For mean looks, thievish propensities, and hang-dog manners, yew'd discount a Digger Injun ninety-five per cent. When you die, 'twont be in bed. Yew'll most likely be switched into the regions infernal, with a hangman's knot under yer chin. Now yew jest switch yerself inter the street, or I'll switch yer through the window. (JAKE *advances.* HAINES *dodges and runs off,* L. 1 E., *muttering.*)

HAINES (*as* JAKE *turns toward* MARY, HAINES *appears at* L. 1 E. *again*). I'll prosecute you. (JAKE *turns suddenly, and* HAINES *disappears.*)

JAKE. Molly, cheer up! I'll see to that mortgage, and I will save Charley's life, if there's a spark of human feeling in Washington, or any virtue in this petition to Abe Lincoln. (*showing petition.*)

MARY (*rising, going to* JAKE, *who is* L. C. MARY, R. C., *and to rear*

of 1*st groove*). Oh, Jacob Whitaker, will you? Will you go to Washington and plead with the noble Lincoln for my dear husband's life?

JAKE. I shall start in the next train. If my life be spared to get there, I will do all in my power. So cheer up, Molly.

MARY. If Charles were to fall in battle, while bravely fighting for his country, I could feel resigned, and bow humbly to the will of Heaven; but to be shot by his own comrades. (*dropping on one knee, weeping*) Oh, Heaven! (JAKE *turns* L., *weeping. Picture. Closed in by next Scene, in* 1*st groove.*)

SCENE II.—*Landscape near Nelsonville, in* 1.

At change, enter HAINES, R. 1 E.

HAINES (*solus*). I like to stroll away by myself; I can plot the better. Let me think.—To-morrow, if my information be correct, is the day for the execution of Morrison. Good! There will be one less in the way—ha! ha! ha! That was a lucky night that I stopped with the picket guard, and luckier that I had some opiates with me—ha! ha! ha! Let's think; that was nearly two months since, and when I arrived here I found the only living witness to my brother's *will* was Mr. Washburne, and the *will* not recorded. Good again! Ah, ha! Mr. Washburne had a visitor one evening; James Haines was that visitor. Washburne drinks a social glass with friend Haines, and is taken off very suddenly that night. Umph! heart complaint, undoubtedly. Good again! (*delirious and frightened*) Oh, Lord! Oh, dear! I—I thought I heard old Colonel Warren's voice calling me. Shall I never dispel these horrid visions? (*takes flask from pocket and drinks*) Ah! whiskey drives these goblins away. (*drinks*) There is courage in whiskey. (*drinks*) Now I could face——

Enter KESIAH, L. 1 E., *in travelling dress; carries tin trunk and umbrella same as before. Enter just as he is saying "Now I could face."* HAINES *turns* L.

The devil!

KES. Sakes alive! yew in Nelsonville? Yew thief, yew murderer, yew cowardly traitor!

HAINES. Allow me, Miss Kesiah, to escort you to the village; I'll carry your little trunk. I suppose you have just arrived in the morning train. I am a Unionist now; I have taken the oath of allegiance. Allow me to be your escort. (*he attempts to take hold of tin trunk,* KESIAH *pokes him in the stomach with umbrella; he falls to stage, c., she raises umbrella over him*) Oh, Lord! oh, dear! Don't strike, don't!

KES. A pretty escort yew'd make. Sakes alive! I suppose yew want to steal this trunk ag'in. Jim Haines, yer race is about run. The whiskey bottle will kill yer if hemp don't. Now don't yew dare to follow me, if yew dew, I'll poke a hole clean through yer with my umbrella.

[*Exit* KESIAH, R. 1 E.

HAINES. Oh, dear! she's just about poked a hole through me now. (*rises*) But I'll have revenge, I'll have revenge. [*Exit,* L. 1 E.

While foregoing scene is enacted, quietly arrange next scene, and get soldiers at stations, etc. Change to

SCENE III.—*Wood or landscape in* 4. *Discovering a file of soldiers at "order arms," up and down stage,* L. CAPT. HARDY *at* L. *of line, near* 1*st groove. Coffin near* R. 2 E. CHARLES MORRISON *near coffin, soldier at* MORRISON'S L., *with white bandage in hand.* MORRISON *and soldier face toward* C.

CAPT. H. Morrison, you have but a few moments left. If you wish to make any request, or to address your comrades, you are at liberty to do so.

CHARLES. Comrades, strive to do your duty to God and your country. Let my fate be a warning, that you may ever be watchful and wakeful, while on duty. Blame not my judges, for their decision was based upon the evidence and in accordance with military law. Heaven bless you all; may the Union be preserved, and may we all meet in that better land. (*music, very soft and slow. A dirge.* CHARLES *kneels, very slowly, on coffin. Soldier passes bandage around his eyes, soldier then retires up stage, and to* L.)

CAPT. H. (*commands, through music*). Carry arms! Ready! Aim! (*shouts heard without. Music changes to tremolo.* A pardon! A pardon! Stay the execution!)

JAKE WHITAKER *enters suddenly,* L. 1 E., *followed by* BILL JONES. JAKE *holds up pardon.*

CAPT. H. Recover arms! (*soldiers recover arms,* CAPT. H. *examines pardon. Music stops*) Guard, release the prisoner! (JAKE *and* CHARLES *rush to each other's embrace,* C., *as soon as* CHARLES *is released*) Morrison, in consideration of your former good character, your soldier-like bearing and your bravery in the field, you are granted, by President Lincoln, a free pardon. (*to soldiers*) Arms a-port! Break ranks, and congratulate your comrade.

JAKE. Three cheers for Abe Lincoln! Now, hip, hip! (*three cheers, roll of drum at wing, etc. Soldiers cluster* R. *and* L. *and rear of* CHARLES.)

CAPT. H. Furthermore, you are at liberty to choose an honorable discharge from the service, or restoration to your former rank of sergeant.

CHARLES. Captain Hardy, I entered the service through motives of patriotism, and will never leave the army, willingly, until the stars and stripes float triumphantly over the entire country.

JONES. Thar, boys! I'll be dog-goned if I don't call that thar chap an out and out Unionist; and he's got sand to back it.

JAKE. Three cheers for Sergeant Morrison—hip, hip! (*cheers and drum.*)

QUICK DROP.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Landscape, near Nelsoville, Mass., same as Scene* 2, *Act* 4, *in* 1. *Three years supposed to have elapsed.*

Enter HAINES, *slowly,* L. 1 E., *very seedy and bloated.*

HAINES (*solus*). Ha! ha! ha! my plans work well. Six years since my brother died, and no claimants to the property. Ah, ha! and Charles

Morrison's bones lie bleaching on the soil of North Carolina. Good! The first news after his pardon was of his rapid promotion; then there was rejoicing at the Morrison house. Then came the news of his death in battle, and that house was draped in mourning. Good again; for he'll never trouble me. I've got everything my own way—ha! ha! ha! No one suspects me but that cursed Yank, Jake Whitaker; but he has no proofs. Oh, Lord! oh, dear! old Warren's ghost is after me, and Washburne and old Zibe are with him, too. (*pulls flask from pocket and drinks, facing* R.)

Enter JAKE WHITAKER, L., *comes behind him.*

Whiskey will drive them away. (*drinks*) There's oblivion in whiskey. (*drinks*) Ah! now I'm better. I will sell off all my brother's property, and seek new scenes, where I may have peace and comfort.

JAKE (*in low, deep voice*). Never!

HAINES (*frightened and trembling*). Oh, Lord! oh, dear! Oh, oh! (*shuffling around stage,* JAKE *behind him; attempts to go off,* R., JAKE *seizes him and throws him to* L. C.; JAKE, R. C.)

JAKE. Jim Haines, I don't wonder that yer guilty conscience troubles yew.

HAINES. I have no business with you!

JAKE. Well, I have with yew, and I ain't a going to switch off of yer track till I bring yer ter justice. I've been after yer for the last three years. (HAINES *places hand to pistol pocket,* JAKE *seizes him by the throat*) Take yer hand away, Haines, take it away. (HAINES *takes his hand away very slowly,* JAKE *releases him*) If yew ever pull a pistol on me, I'll walk inter yer like Putnam did inter the wolf, and you'll want a wooden overcoat to keep yer warm. Haines, yew don't sleep well nights, and yew are frightened out of yer wits day-times by the ghost of that old veteran of 1812 that yew murdered in Virginia.

HAINES. I—I did not shoot him; it was Sheriff Slason; beside, I was pardoned when I took the oath of allegiance.

JAKE. Yew lie! Yer a murderer, and yer time has nearly come.

HAINES. I'll make you prove it; I'll prosecute you.

JAKE. Yew prosecute! Why yer daily life is a libel on the human race.

HAINES. This is a free country, and I wish to pass on. (*attempts to go,* JAKE *seizes him.*)

JAKE. Yew can go, Jim Haines, but if yew wish to die without a load of sins on yer conscience, yew'd better confess them now, and make restitution. Go! but don't look behind yew, for ghosts are on yer track. (*releases him; he runs off,* R. 1 E.) Jehosaphat! how he runs. (*looking off,* R.) If he don't look out, he'll jump the track; then there might be an explosion; I'd hate to be 'round when he busts his biler. He's drank a fearful lot of bug-juice for years, and has a touch of the blue devils now. (*turns* L.) Hello! here comes a soger; guess he came in the morning train.

Enter MANSON, *in lieutenant's uniform.*

Jim Manson! as true as gospel! Why, Jim, how dew yer dew? (*shaking hands.*)

MANS. I am quite well, I thank you. I was sent North on department business. Is my family well?

JAKE. Yes, all quite well. How did yer leave the boys?

MANS. What are left of us are hearty and well. But we feel very sad

for the loss of Major Morrison—I suppose that you have heard of his brilliant record, after his pardon, and of his death in the battle on the Weldon Railroad.

JAKE. Yes; his poor wife feels her sorrow the more keenly, because his body was not found. It was a severe blow for her.

MANS. What became of Kesiah Wetherby? You remember she was passed through our lines, just previous to your arrival at camp with Morrison's pardon.

JAKE. By hokey! I guess I do remember all about it; for she met me in Washington, and went tew the White House with me to obtain Charley's pardon; she's a cousin of mine; she's living with Mrs. Morrison now. The old veteran, Col. Warren, that she used tew live with, was Charley Morrison's uncle, and he willed all his property tew Kesiah and Charley; so Mary is well fixed now; in fact is rich.

MANS. You remember Bill Jones that you liked so well when you was with us South, don't you?

JAKE. Well, I rather guess I dew. Bill Jones, the scout.

MANS. That's the man. Well, he was one of the best and most daring scouts that the Army of the Potomac ever had; he received a bad wound finally, and the last I knew of him, he was at camp, convalescent. His darkeys were all good scouts, but three of them lost their lives, poor fellows. Well, I must go to my home. Oh! Richmond is captured, and Grant is in pursuit of Lee. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

JAKE. Jee-whack! Why in tarnation didn't he tell me in the fust place. Hurrah! for the American Eagle—stars and stripes—E Plur-i-bus onion, and all the rest of the family. Gol-dern it, I must go and tell Mary and Kesiah all about it. (*pulls hat well on, and strides off*, R. 1 E.)

SCENE II.—*Court-room in* 3. *At* R. 3 E., *near flat in* 3, *place judge's desk or table, facing audience; between flat and table two chairs for judge and clerk of court. Table across* R. 2 E., *and as near to judge's desk as practicable. Between entrance and table a chair for* JAKE WHITAKER, *two chairs at end of table, toward audience, for* KESIAH *and* MARY MORRISON. *Table,* L. 3 E., *set the same as judge's desk, so that chair will be between flat in* 3, *and table for* HAINES *to occupy. In front of table.* L., *and across* L. 2 E., *a dock for prisoner enclosed by palings, with chair within dock. Chair for officer at end of dock toward audience. This scene and the final tableau should be set previous to the opening of the act to avoid confusion. Law books and record book on judge's table. Pens, inkstand and paper on all the tables. These settings are placed to the* R. *and* L., *for the purpose of having* C. *of stage clear, so that there will be no obstructions in front of final tableau. At change,* JUDGE WENTWORTH *and clerk of court are discovered at table writing.*

Enter JAKE WHITAKER, R. 1 E.

JAKE (*going up* C., *and to* L. *of* JUDGE). Good morning, Jedge. Any cases for trial to-day?

JUDGE. Yes, one. The officers have gone to arrest the supposed thief. You may know him; he is a deaf mute, who has been a servant for James Haines for a few weeks. Haines reports that this mute, John Fliney, stole a gold watch of his.

JAKE. Well, now, I dew know this mute, Fliney, and as this may be a pretty interesting case, I'll come in at court hour. Maybe the mute

won't have any counsel, and I'll jest give him my services. I'll come in again soon. [*Exit* JAKE, R. 1 E.

When he is off, enter, L. 1 E., *two officers with* "JOHN FLINEY," *who has long ulster overcoat on, long, full red whiskers, and long red hair.* HAINES *follows. Officers place* FLINEY *in dock,* HAINES *sits at table,* L.

JUDGE (*as they enter*). Mr. Haines, did you find the missing watch? (*officer takes watch to* JUDGE *and returns warrant to* CLERK.)

HAINES. Yes, your honor, it was on the prisoner's person, and I find that all my valuable papers and family jewels are missing.

Enter JAKE WHITAKER, *followed by* KESIAH *and* MARY, *who sit in chairs,* R. JAKE *goes to* JUDGE'S *desk, and examines warrant and watch. One officer sits in chair,* L., *near dock, the other officer stands* L. *of* JUDGE, *near flat. During this the dialogue continues.*

JUDGE. A very serious affair, Mr. Haines. The Court will come to order!

CLERK (*who is a very seedy individual, rises and speaks in squeaky voice, striking gavel on desk*). Order! Order! The Court will come to order! (JAKE *sits at table,* R.)

JUDGE. As the defendant is a deaf mute, I shall allow him time to obtain counsel.

HAINES (*rising*). Your honor, as the proof is positive, I contend that he should be immediately tried. (*sits.*)

JAKE (*rising*). Your honor, I will appear as counsel for the defendant, and being willing to accommodate sich an influential, moral and highly aristocratic individual as James Haines, Esq., I demand that the trial proceed. Please allow my client tew read the warrant, as he is a deaf mute. (*officer near* JUDGE *takes warrant to* FLINEY, *who takes it, gives it a hurried glance, takes pencil from pocket and writes upon back of warrant. Officer takes it to* CLERK, *who reads it.*)

CLERK (*reading*). "I took the property, but did not steal it."

JUDGE. A novel plea, truly.

HAINES. That's equivalent to a confession of the crime.

JAKE. The law always regards a man innocent until he's proven guilty, and that is the reason that one chap within the sound of my voice has not been hung for murder.

KES. Now yew've got it, yew old red-nosed thief!

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK (*rising and striking with gavel*). Order! Order in the Court!

HAINES. I want no personalities.

JUDGE. Gentlemen, confine yourselves to the case before the Court.

HAINES. I protest against this Yankee engine-driver assuming the position of attorney at law, and pleading before the Court.

JUDGE. Mr. Whitaker has been regularly admitted to the bar, and has a legal right to the position.

KES. Now, old Haines, yew'd better shet up.

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK (*gavel bus.*). Order! Order in the Court.

JUDGE. Mr. Haines, have you any other evidence than the finding of a part of the property on the defendant's person?

HAINES. No, your honor, but I demand that he be convicted, as the proof is positive.

JUDGE. Mr. Whitaker, what have you to offer for the defence?

JAKE. First, I shall attempt to prove that James Haines never owned the watch, but that he stole it.

HAINES (*rising*). I object!

JUDGE. Order! Keep your seat, Mr. Haines!

CLERK. Order—order in the Court!

JAE. Second, that all the property known as Thomas Haines' estate, never did belong tew James Haines, the plaintiff in this case, but that he has fraudulently withheld the same from the legal owners. I shall call to the stand Miss Kesiah Wetherby and Mrs. Mary Morrison. (KESIAH *and* MARY *rise.*)

CLERK (*rising*). Hold up your right hands. (*they obey*) You solemnly swear to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God. (*they bow,* MARY *sits.*)

JAKE. Miss Wetherby, do yew recognize this watch? (*she places umbrella under her arm, and goes to* JUDGE'S *desk.* CLERK *hands watch,* KESIAH *quickly examines it.*)

KES. Sakes alive! This was Kernal Warren's watch! Here's a secret spring tew it, which opens inter the inscription plate. Gineral Jackson gave this watch tew the old veteran for his bravery at New Orleans. Sakes alive! It was stolen from the Warren mansion in West Virginia the day that he was murdered by that villain. Haines. (*pointing to* HAINES) It was given in the Kernal's will tew Charley Morrison. (*crossing rapidly to* HAINES, *and raising umbrella to strike him*) Oh, yew tarnal scoundrel! (*officer near* JUDGE'S *desk seizes her, takes her to seat.*)

JUDGE. Order! Order!

CLERK. Order in the Court!

JUDGE. Miss Wetherby, you must restrain your feelings; we cannot be disturbed.

JAKE. I demand, your honor, that James Haines, the plaintiff in this case, be detained until the case is disposed of.

JUDGE. The officers will not allow Mr. Haines to leave the Court.

HAINES. I am not on trial; I demand my property, and withdraw the charge.

JUDGE. If the property is proved to be yours, you will receive it. The case cannot be withdrawn. Proceed, Mr. Whitaker.

KES. How much did yew make that time, yew thief?

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK. Order! Order in the Court!

JAKE (*opening small satchel which he had in hand when he entered with* MARY *and* KESIAH). Your honor, this lot of papers were handed to me early this morning by the defendant. (*taking papers and jewelry case from satchel*) Mrs. Morrison, will you examine these jewels. (MARY *rises and examines them*) Dew yew recognize them?

MARY. Yes, they were my dear mother's jewels. (JAKE *hands jewels to* JUDGE.)

JAKE. Can yew identify this signature? (*showing paper to represent will.*)

MARY. Yes, it is my father's signature!

JAKE. That will dew, Mrs. Morrison. (MARY *resumes seat,* JAKE *takes papers and jewelry case to* JUDGE'S *desk*) Judge, please take charge of these jewels, and examine these papers. (*hands two papers.* HAINES *attempts to leave, officer near* JUDGE *compels him to be seated again*) One is the will of Mrs. Thomas Haines, bequeathing to her daughter, Mrs. Mary Morrison, all her property and jewels.—The other is the will of Thomas Haines, bequeathing to this town $10,000, toward founding a public library, and $5,000 to James Haines of Virginia. All the re-

mainder of his property to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Morrison, she tew come into possession five years after the decease of said Thomas Haines. James Haines tew be executor. Judge Hanlon drew up the will. Mr. Haly and Mr. Washburne were the witnesses, all of whom are now dead. Here (*drawing from his pocket a paper*) is the dying confession of one James Clifton, who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and made affidavit to this confession, that James Haines was the principal, and he an accomplice, in the murder of Mr. Washburne by arsenic. (HAINES' *head is bowed on table during the foregoing*) I will now call one more witness to the stand—Bill Jones, the scout! (FLINEY *throws off beard, wig and ulster.*)

KES. Sakes alive! (*crossing to dock, hastily, shakes hands*) Bill Jones, as sure as gospel! only a little pale. (*officer near* JUDGE *quickly leads her to seat.*)

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK. Order in the Court!

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah!

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK. Order in the Court!

JUDGE. I have thus far been lenient; but shall be inclined to punish any further disturbance of this Court. Mr. Jones, please explain why you were at Mr. Haines' house in disguise, and how you came in possession of this property.

JONES. Wall, hoss!—I mean, yer honor, I know'd that thar murderin' villain in ole Virginny. I can prove that he murdered Kernal Warren thar, one of Gen. Jackson's veterans of the war of 1812. Wall, hoss,—I mean, yer honor, arter he murdered the Kernal, he stole through the Union lines, pretending to be a Unionist, and we know now that it was him that drugged Charley Morrison's coffee, and——

JUDGE. Well, well, we know our worthy townsman's trouble—his condemnation, (MARY *weeps*, JAKE *makes by-play as though attempting to console her.* HAINES *with head bowed*) pardon, subsequent brilliant military career, rapid promotion, and death in battle. And I trust that we all pay due tribute to his memory. But we wish to hear the facts in this case in as few words as possible.

JONES. Wall, hoss!—I mean, yer honor, arter I learned that he had kem North, I tuk my colored boys and escorted that thar piece of dry goods, Kesiah, to the Union lines, fur she's to be Mrs. Bill Jones when the war ends.

KES. Now, Bill Jones, yew'd——

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah!

JUDGE. Order!

CLERK. Order—order in the Court!

JUDGE. Mr. Jones, we will be pleased to hear the romantic part of your story when Court adjourns, but now we wish for the facts regarding the property.

JONES. Wall, hoss!—I mean, yer honor, I bekem a scout, and a few months since I was badly wounded in a fight with bushwackers, but I know'd, by Kesiah's letters, that thar Yank, Jake, was on Haines' trail and wouldn't let him skedaddle. Arter I got well enough to cum North, I kem and met Jake on the sly, not letting even Kesiah know that I was yere, kase, yer know, women can't keep——

KES. Yes, they can, Bill Jones.

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah!

JUDGE. Order! You *must* keep order! Proceed!

JONES. Wall, hoss!—I mean, yer honor, don't get riled. I'm coming right smart to the end. That thar Yank, Jake, and I put up this yere

job, got possession of them thar papers and showed up his villainy right smart. That lets the Yank and me out of the game. We've euchered him; and now, Jedge, we'll leave you to call in his checks with a hangman's knot. If he hadn't been well soaked in whiskey, he'd ha' lit out when he discovered that the property was missing.

JUDGE. The evidence against Mr. Haines is overwhelming. I dismiss the case against John Fliney alias Bill Jones, and declare this Court adjourned. Officers, remove Haines to the ante-room. (*officers seize* HAINES, *and are coming down* C.; JONES *crosses to* R., JAKE, KESIAH *and* MARY *are grouped about him.* JUDGE *and* CLERK *follow officers.*)

Enter MAJOR CHARLES MORRISON, L. 1 E., *left arm in sling. All stand for an instant amazed,* CHARLES *points to* HAINES, *with right hand, exclaiming:*

CHARLES. *That face again!* 'Twas he who drugged me! (*music, chord.*)

HAINES. See! even Morrison rises up as a witness against me. (*springs away from officers, rushes off,* L. 1 E., *closely pursued by officers,* JUDGE. CLERK. JONES, JAKE *and* KESIAH. *Music, tremolo, until they are off. As they pass off.* CHARLES *and* MARY *quickly meet each other,* C.—*embrace. When all the others are off.*)

CHARLES. Mary, my wife!

MARY. Charles, my husband, and alive! (*report of pistol without*) What means that shot?

Re-enter, L. 1 E., JONES, *followed by* KESIAH *and* JAKE.

JONES. Wall, hoss, the old villain's passed in his checks. Give us yer hand, Major. (CHARLES *and* JONES *shake hands.* JONES *and* KESIAH *pass to* R., JAKE *remains at* L.)

KES. Sakes alive! That old scoundrel's cheated the hangman of a job.

JAKE. Yes, he blow'd his brains out. I always said he'd die with his boots on. (*to* MAJOR) Shake. (CHARLES *and* JAKE *shake hands.*)

MARY. Friends, while we condemn his wicked acts, let us mourn for his lost manhood, and cast the mantle of charity over his many sins, leaving his Creator to be his judge.

KES. But, Charley, how is it that yer alive?

JONES. Yes, hoss!—I mean, Major, tell us all about it.

JAKE. Yes, for I'd jest as soon thought of seeing my Molly that shook herself tew death with the ager.

CHARLES. I was badly wounded and taken prisoner, but was nursed back to life by one of our own surgeons, who was also a prisoner. (*newsboy heard without crying loudly.*)

NEWSBOY (*off* R.). Here's the Boston daily papers. The capture of Richmond and surrender of *Lee!* The war ended!

JONES. Thar! That thar's the news I've been wanting to hear. *Now* this yere piece of dry goods belongs tew me. (*touching* KESIAH) And I carry this umbrella for life. (*taking umbrella from* KESIAH.)

KES. Yew needn't tell everybody on't, Bill Jones. Sakes alive! how yew holler!

JONES. Hold yer hosses, Kesiah! don't git riled!

MARY. Allow me to congratulate you both.

CHARLES. And may war's alarms never disturb your domestic union.

JAKE. And don't mind her snappish ways, 'cause that's the way my Molly did when she'd shake with the ager.

MARY. And now, kind friends, let us give thanks, for the *lost* has returned.

CHARLES. And let us rejoice, for the stars and stripes wave triumphantly over our entire Union, and the angels of love wave the olive branch of peace.

JONES (*to audience*). And if any of yew ladies and gentlemen ever come to West Virginny, don't fail to strew flowers on the grave of the Veteran of 1812. or to call at Bill Jones' residence, for Kesiah and the Scout will be thar to welcome yew under our umbrella.

JONES *and* KESIAH *to* R., CHARLES MORRISON, MARY *and* JAKE *to* L. *Lights down. Music, patriotic. Flat in* 3 *is drawn off.*

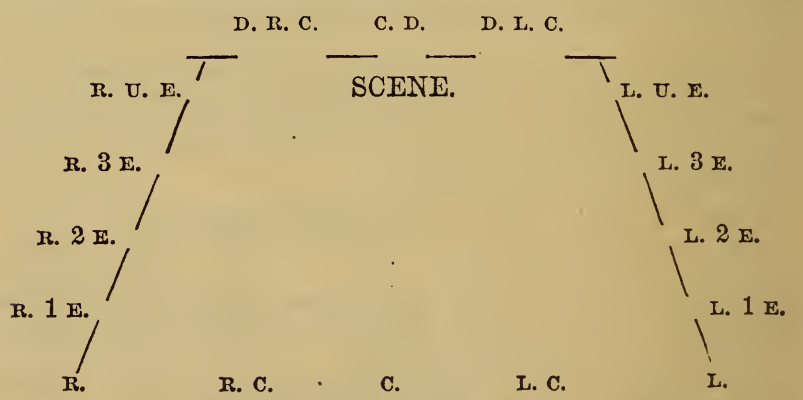
Tableau.—LIBERTY REJOICING.

R. *and* L. *on stage, stacks of arms decked with flowers. The goddesses of* LIBERTY, JUSTICE, MERCY *and* HOPE, *with wreaths of flowers, crowning unarmed soldiers. Soldiers should stand on stage, goddesses on pedestal. On a still higher pedestal and in rear of goddesses, soldiers and ladies, caps and handkerchiefs held aloft. as though waving. For background, use cut cloud, in which have two angels, with hands outstretched, holding olive branches. Group rear figures as tastefully as possible, and the greater the floral display and the larger the number of characters—according to stage capacity—the better. Burn red fires* R. *and* L.

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C.	Centre.	L.	Left.
R.	Right.	L. C.	Left Centre.
R. C.	Right Centre.	L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.	L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.	L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.	L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.	C. D.	Centre Door.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.	D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

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73.	African Box, burlesque, 2 scene	5	0
107.	Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque	6	2
43.	Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scene	7	1
79.	Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act	1	1
42.	Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.	2	1
6.	Black Chap from Whitechapel, negro piece	4	0
10.	Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
11.	Black-ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes	4	1
40.	Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene..	4	0
78.	Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes	5	2
89.	Bogus Talking Machines (The) farce, 1 scene	4	0
24.	Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene	2	0
108.	Charge of the Hash Brigade, Irish musical sketch	2	2
35.	Coal Heaver's Revenge, negro sketch, 1 scene	6	0
41.	Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes...	8	1
12.	Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
53.	Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 scenes	5	1
63.	Darkey's Stratagem, 1 act....	3	1
110.	De Black Magician, Ethiopian comicality, 1 scene	4	2
111.	Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act	6	1
50.	Draft (The), sketch, 1 act.	6	0
64	Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene...	4	1
95.	Dutch Justice, sketch, 1 scene	11	0
67.	Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 sce.	6	0
4.	Eh? What is It? sketch	4	1
93.	Elopement (The), farce, 1 scene	4	1
52.	Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.	10	1
25.	Fellow that Looks Like Me, interlude, 1 scene	2	1
51.	Fisherman's Luck, 1 scene....	2	0
88.	First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act	4	2
106.	Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque 2 scenes	8	1
83.	German Emigrant (The), sketch 1 scene	2	1
77.	Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
17.	Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act	2	0
58.	Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene.	4	0
31.	Glycerine Oil, sketch.	3	0
20.	Going for the Cup, interlude..	4	0
82.	Good Night's Rest, 1 scene. ..	3	0
86.	Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	0
70.	Guide to the Stage, sketch ...	3	0
61.	Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
23.	Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene	5	1
3.	Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
48.	High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene	6	0
68.	Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	0
71.	In and Out, sketch, 1 scene...	2	0
33.	Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1
94.	Julius, the Snoozer, 3 scenes .	7	0

No.		M.	F.
103.	Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	2
1.	Last of the Mohicans, sketch..	3	1
36.	Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1
18.	Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes...	4	1
60.	Lost Will, sketch	4	0
37.	Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes....	3	2
90.	Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene..	3	0
109.	Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes..	4	0
19.	Malicious Trespass, 1 scene....	3	0
96.	Midnight Intruder (The), farce, 1 scene	6	1
101.	Mollie Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1
8.	Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4	0
44.	Musical Servant, sketch, 1 sce.	3	0
49.	Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 scene	2	0
22.	Obeying Orders, sketch 1 scene	2	1
27.	One Hundredth Night of Hamlet, sketch	7	1
30.	One Night in a Barroom, sketch	7	0
76.	One, Two, Three, 1 scene	7	0
87.	Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene	2	1
9.	Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7	0
57.	Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 scenes	6	0
65.	Porter's Troubles, 1 scene	6	1
66.	Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1
91.	Painter's Apprentice (The), farce, 1 scene	5	0
92.	Polar Bear (The), 1 scene	4	1
14.	Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5	0
45.	Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 scene	6	0
105.	Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 scenes	4	2
55.	Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
31.	Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
26.	Rival Tenants, sketch	4	0
15.	Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..	2	1
59.	Sausage Makers, 2 scenes	5	1
80.	Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes	6	0
21.	Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	6	3
84.	Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes	7	0
38.	Siamese Twins, 2 scenes	5	0
74.	Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3	0
46.	Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1
69.	Squire for a Day, sketch	5	1
56.	Stage-struck Couple, 1 scene..	2	1
72.	Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene... and 2 children.	1	2
7.	Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2	0
13.	Streets of New York, 1 scene.	6	0
16.	Storming the Fort, 1 scene....	5	0
47.	Take it, Don't Take It, 1 scene	2	0
54.	Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
100.	Three Chiefs (The), 2 scenes ..	6	0
102.	Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes.	3	1
34.	Three Strings to One Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
2.	Tricks, sketch	5	2
104.	Two Awfuls (The), 1 scene....	5	0
5.	Two Black Roses, sketch	4	1
28.	Uncle Eph's Dream, 2 scenes..	3	1
62.	Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
32.	Wake Up, William Henry....	3	0
39.	Wanted, a Nurse, 1 scene.....	4	0
75.	Weston the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene	7	1
93.	What Shall I Take? farce, 1 act	8	1
29.	Who Died First? 1 scene.....	3	1
97.	Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene	4	0
99.	Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
85	Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
112.	The Coming Man, sketch, 1 act	3	0
113.	Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7	0
114.	One Night in a Medical College, sketch, 1 scene	7	1
115.	Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene	5	1
116.	Zacharias' Funeral, farce 1 scene	5	0
117.	Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 scene		
118.	Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque	6	0
119.	My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 scene	6	1
120.	Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 3 scenes	3	1
121.	Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro farce, 1 scene	2	0
122.	Ticket Taker, Negro farce, 1 scene	2	0
123.	The Intelligence Office, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	1
124.	Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	0
125.	Oh, Hush! Negro Operatic Olio, 3 scenes	4	1
126.	Black Statue, Negro farce, 1 scene	4	2
127.	Blinks and Jinks Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	3	1

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111.	Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts	7	2
119.	Life Chase, drama, 5 acts	14	5
165.	Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act....	3	2
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32.	Little Rebel, farce, 1 act	4	3
164.	Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts	6	6
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87.	Locked Out, comic scene	1	2
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194.	Rum, drama, 3 acts	7	4
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37.	Silent Protector, farce, 1 act	3	2
35.	Silent Woman, farce, 1 act	2	1
43.	Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act..	7	2
6.	Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
10.	Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act..	1	1
26.	Society, comedy, 3 acts	16	5
78.	Special Performances, farce, 1 act..	7	3
31.	Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act	3	
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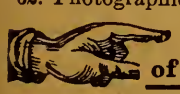

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